

# The BRISTOL GARLAND: K

O R,

## The MERCHANT's DAUGHTER of BRISTOL.

### P A R T I.

**Y**OU lovers that know what to true love belongs,  
Come draw near and listen a while to my song:  
What tho' it is strange it is certainly true,  
It will show you what dangers true lovers go thro'

A noble brave merchant near Bristol did dwell,  
He had a fair daughter whose beauty did excel,  
All the fair ladies that liv'd far and near,  
Now of her misfortunes you quickly shall hear.

Many noble squires of honour and fame,  
A courting unto this yong lady they came,  
Their offers and proffers proved all in vain,  
For none in the least could her favour obtain.

But as it fell out upon a certain day,  
A ship of her father's new came from the sea,  
With some other ladies she on board did go,  
The ship and the beautiful cargo to view.

There among some others she did cast an eye,  
Upon a young sailer that was standing by:  
Young Cupid that moved all with his keen dart,  
He not only wounded but tickled her heart.

Her cheeks which before were like the rose red,  
Did all on a sudden turn paler than lead;  
With her heart all on fire she returned on shore,  
Being smitten with a pain she ne'er felt before.

To her chamber she went, when in languishing pain,  
She set herself down, and began to complain:  
O heavens! said she, what a torment is love!  
Without speedy help it will my ruin prove.

She called her maid to her, and thus she did say,  
Dear Betty, devise this torment, I pray,  
The torments of love are more than I can bear,  
Oh tell me! Oh tell me! how shall I get clear!

The Maid with a blush to her mistress said,  
Dear madam, have courage, and don't be afraid  
In all that you trust me, I will be true,  
And ever be faithful, dear madam, to you.

Then take you this letter, and go to my dear,  
And tell him there's one that would speak with him  
O do not delay it, the lady did cry, (here,  
Be quick, let me see him, or else I shall die.

The young man was got, and to her he came;  
At the first her heart was all in a flame,  
She turn'd her about and said, What is he come?  
The sailer replied, and said; Madam, I am,  
then she said, don't you remember on such a day,  
that I came on board your ship for to see,  
Where I lost a jewel more precious than gold,  
And you're he that found it as I have been told.

the sailer then looked like one in amaze,  
She then more stedfastly on him did gaze.  
Says he madam, I hope you don't mean as you say,  
then in discontent he was going away.

She flew to his arms, and gave him a soft kiss  
And says, my dear creature, don't take it amiss;  
My heart is the jewel which ye got from me;  
then grant me thy love, or ruin'd-I shall be.

He said, noble madam, my fortune is poor,  
And you have great riches, so I you implore,  
Don't laugh at my poverty, madam, said he;  
For mocking is catching full often times you see

She cry'd, my dear jewel, I'm really in truth,  
And as we are in the bloom of our youth,  
What though you are poor and of low degree,  
there's none in the world shall enjoy me but thee.

### P A R T II.

**I**N love they continued, but at last on a day,  
the wind proved fair; he to sea must away,

And when they got to their port as we hear,  
then he wrote a letter to Molly his dear.

But here's a misfortune, I understand,  
the letter was carried to her father's hand,  
And reading the same in a passion he flew,  
And thus in a rage to her chamber did go.

He said goodmorrow, daughter, I see you are hear,  
Pray when did you hear from sweet Johnny your dear  
He's now at Barbadoes, and fit to come home,  
Pray get yourself ready against his return.

What, was there no man fit your husband to be?  
But you must needs take such a beggar as he,  
In violent rage and passion he swore,  
that she should never set her eyes on him more.

A letter he wrote, and away he did send,  
the same to Barbadoes, the which gave command,  
to drown this young sailer in the roaring main,  
And ne'er bring him to Old England again.

But when that the master the letter received,  
It melted his heart, and full fore he was grieved;  
But the wind proving fair, to sea they did sail.  
And now I begin with this sorrowfull tale.

But now mind the tragical story again,  
With many days failing to an island they came;  
By command of the captain as I understand,  
then she was anchor'd just under the land.

the captain went to him with tears in his eyes,  
And told him the story to his sad surprize  
So as soon as he heard it he fell on his knees,  
While tears from his eyes came trickling apace.

Dear captain said he, take not my life away,  
But set me ashore on this island, I pray,  
O save but my life dear captain, he cried,  
And providence for me I hope will provide.

the captain he call'd the ship's company straight,  
So when they came to him, he thus to them said:  
I have just received five hundred pounds,  
Which is given to you, this young man to drown.

the money he said, it will do you small good,  
therefore stain not your hands in innocent blood,  
But on this rocky isle let's set him with speed,  
And leave him to fortune; to which they agreed.

So into a boat he immediately got,  
then upon the island this young man they put  
with tears and sighs him good voyage they did bid,  
then straight, one of his ship-mates he call'd aside,

Saying, when you go home if my jewel you see,  
Pray give her this ring, tell her it's from me,  
And all for her sake I will patiently bear,  
then he smote his breast, and burst into tears.

then they parted and on shipboard they came,  
Leaving the young sailer in tears to complain;  
they soon came to England, where we shall relate,  
Concerning the lady, whose sorrows are great.

But when she the token received from his hand,  
And all the matter she did soon understand,  
She cry'd, cruel father, and worst of all men,  
You've ruin'd your daughter, O what have you done!

### P A R T III.

**T**hen in man's attire she drest her with speed,  
For her passage she with a captain agreed,  
With full resolution to seek the world round,  
The ship, as we hear, to Virginia was bound.

For want of fresh water they were like to die,  
But at last it fell very fortunately,  
That they went with their boat, fresh water to get  
Into that island where the young man was set.  
This young man had been there for 9 months or  
And that afternoon came down to the shore (more,

For to see for some fish washed up by the tide,  
Where he to his great joy this small boat espied,

Now this boat at last came some what near,  
He came running fast with heart full of fear  
They launched off their boat, and stood in amaze,  
Like frightened souls at each other they did gaze.

He put off his hat, and fell on his knees,  
And cry'd, for God's sake take me in if you please,  
I'm a poor distressed sailer just starving to death,  
When this they heard, they began to break breath;

They put to the boat, and with speed took him in,  
And then to their ship they straight launched again,  
Then the captain examin'd how he came there alone,  
Then straight all the matter he quickly made known.

When the lady heard all, she made no reply,  
But straight to his arms did immediately fly;  
She cry'd, I have found thee whom I adore,  
None but cruel death shall part us any more.

Oh what showers of tears between them were shed,  
She cry'd, art thou living whom I thought was dead?  
He said yea I am alive and both loyal and true,  
My dear, see what I have suffered for loving of you.

They straight came for England without more delay,  
And landing at Plymouth on the eighteenth of May,  
Where the very next morning you shall hear.  
A comical project I soon shall declare.

she drest like a seaman the very next morn  
With a letter in hand to her father did come,  
It was in the letter, dear father said she,  
I am now at Jamaica sick and like to die.

I never expect for to see you again,  
But, I freely forgive you for what is done,  
So wishing you well, I pray, God bless you all,  
Then kissing the letter, the tears low did fall.

Crying, what would I give my daughter to see?  
Where got you this letter? pray, young man said he  
He said, last Candlemas day from Jamaica I came,  
From the hand of your child I received the same.

He said when you go to Jamaica again,  
If you can persuade her once more to return,  
And bring her to England, as I have life,  
I'll freely consent to make her your wife.

She said, if you will give it under your hand,  
Or if you to your word fir, I thought you would stand,  
He said yes that I will, and for your courtesie,  
Here twenty bright guineas I freely give thee.

She then fell on her knees while tears pour'd down,  
And said honoured father to you be it known,  
I am your own child whom you forced away,  
Forgive me dear father, I beg and do pray.

The father on his weeping daughter did gaze,  
Not one word could he speak but stood in amaze,  
He cry'd O my child, thou'rt thrice welcome to me  
Then about her neck straight he wept bitterly.

He for great joy, that in health she was come,  
And asked him pardon for what she had done,  
I'll freely forgive thee, dear daughter said he,  
And ask what thou wilt, I'll freely grant thee,

Dear honoured father the damsel reply'd,  
The very young man that at first you deny'd,  
Let him be my husband, to which he agreed,  
Then straight the young sailer was sent for with speed.

And then they were married on that very day  
The father for joy give his daughter away,  
And said, since you are loyal and true to your love,  
Twenty thousand pounds to your portion you shall have.

See they that were on the wide ocean tofs'd,  
And by their hard fortune so sorely was tofs'd;  
Yet to the last minute prov'd loyal and true:  
Such lovers in England, there are but few.